

clear and cold

wood thunder in the grass

a shot of color

 rumble
the car over cold rails

thunder

everything moving shaking
 homeward cold dusk

one unity outside

in

 other myself
together only the rumble
the thunder

grass on a slope/bridge overpass

 /gone/

thunder

aug. 7, 1965

flung ghosts shooting over the rails
the zephyr
 westward gouging the snow

batman where are you flying tonight

single lighted rib path crease your barren land
 free your wind
to bend fresh bodies take time
to gather
 before
 leaving

flames spiked embers glass lined
caboose chalk through smoke

sitting on a black steel signal
 heat from smokestacks and
noise
 so we can't hear